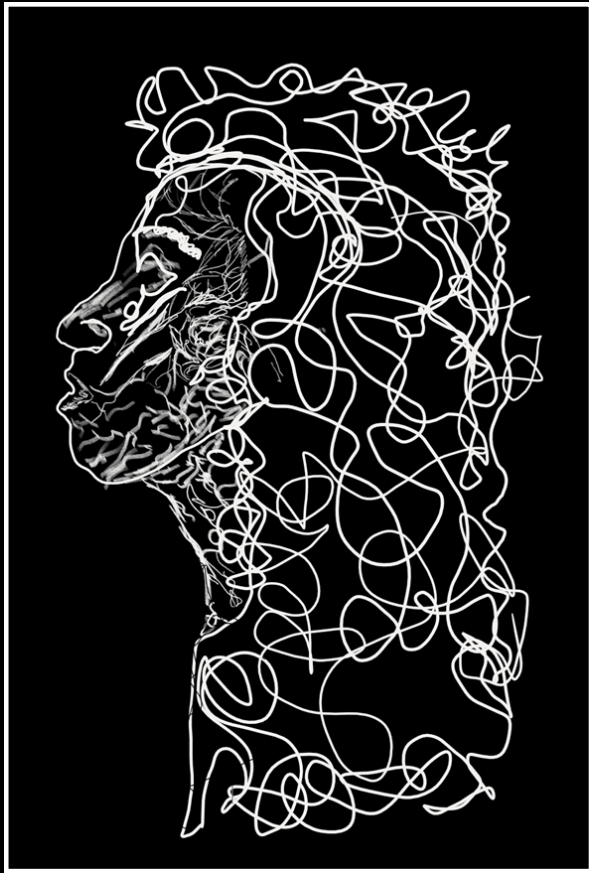


Hair and Nerves II



Hair and nerves
sharing another
poetic dance

———— Eman

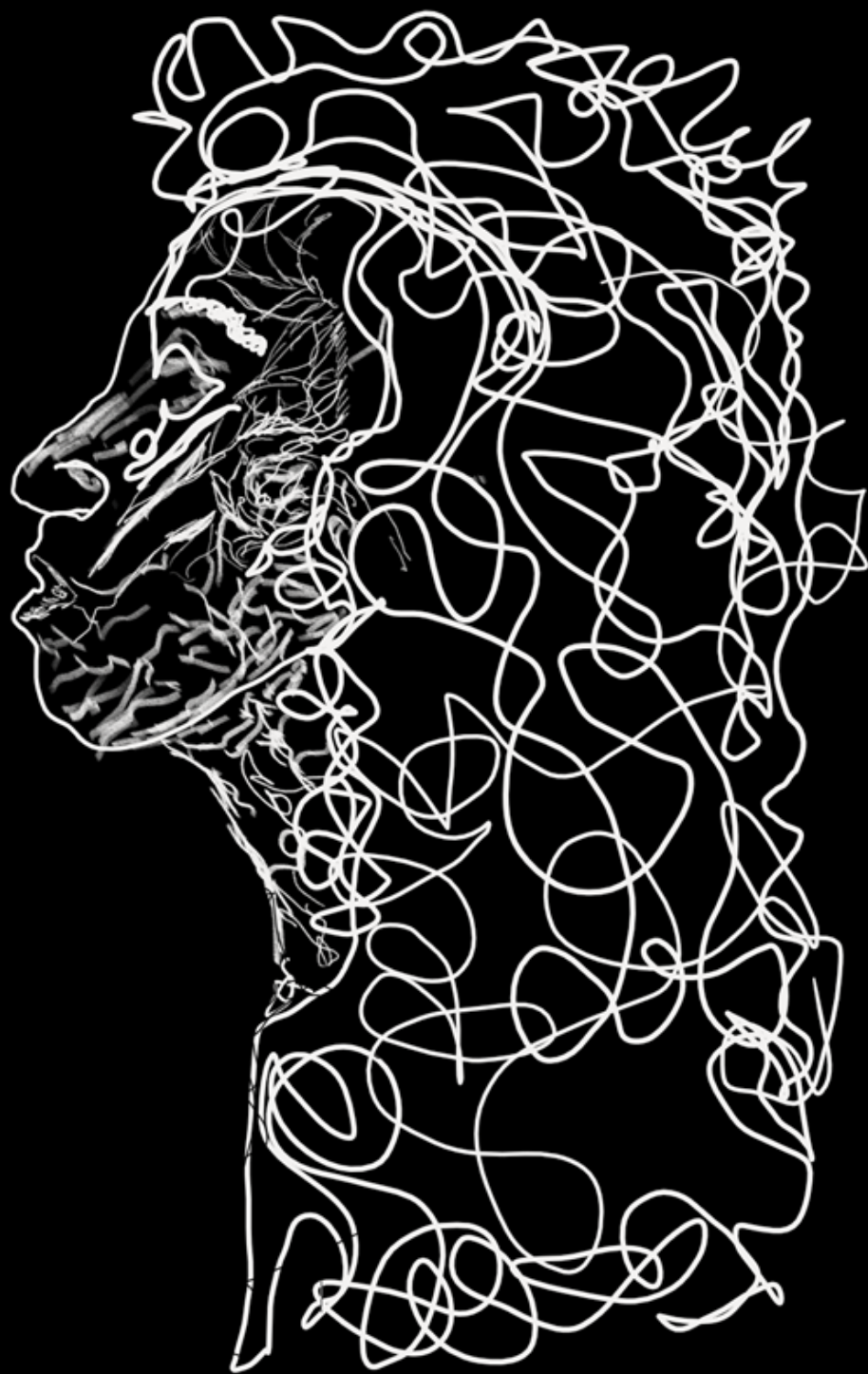


There are so many fires to put out. My scalp is bubbling, lava flowing through the cracks yet not escaping, a taunting menace. I wake up and someone is using my face as an iron board, pressing and folding their clothes and humming, spraying starch and my face stiffens, for a single quiver will wrinkle the fabric of my skin and launch fireworks. My body has melted into the bed. Skin, nerves, fabric all caught in each other like three fingers stuck in a car door. Unlock this car, open the door, or just blow it all up in a final fire and put me out of my misery.



Trigeminal *neuralgia*

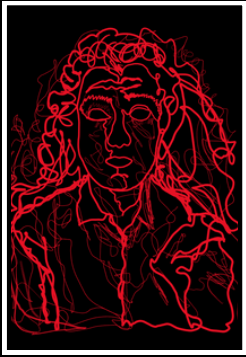




Snazzy and suffering

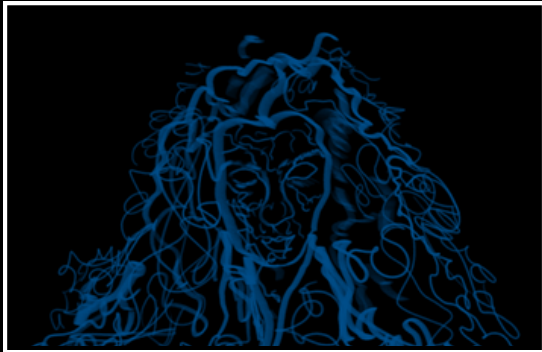
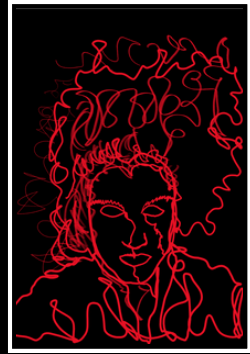






Tangled tendrils

Nerves electric



This body
An arsonist

Hair and Nerves

II

Support me on: ko-fi.com/punnysamosa



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